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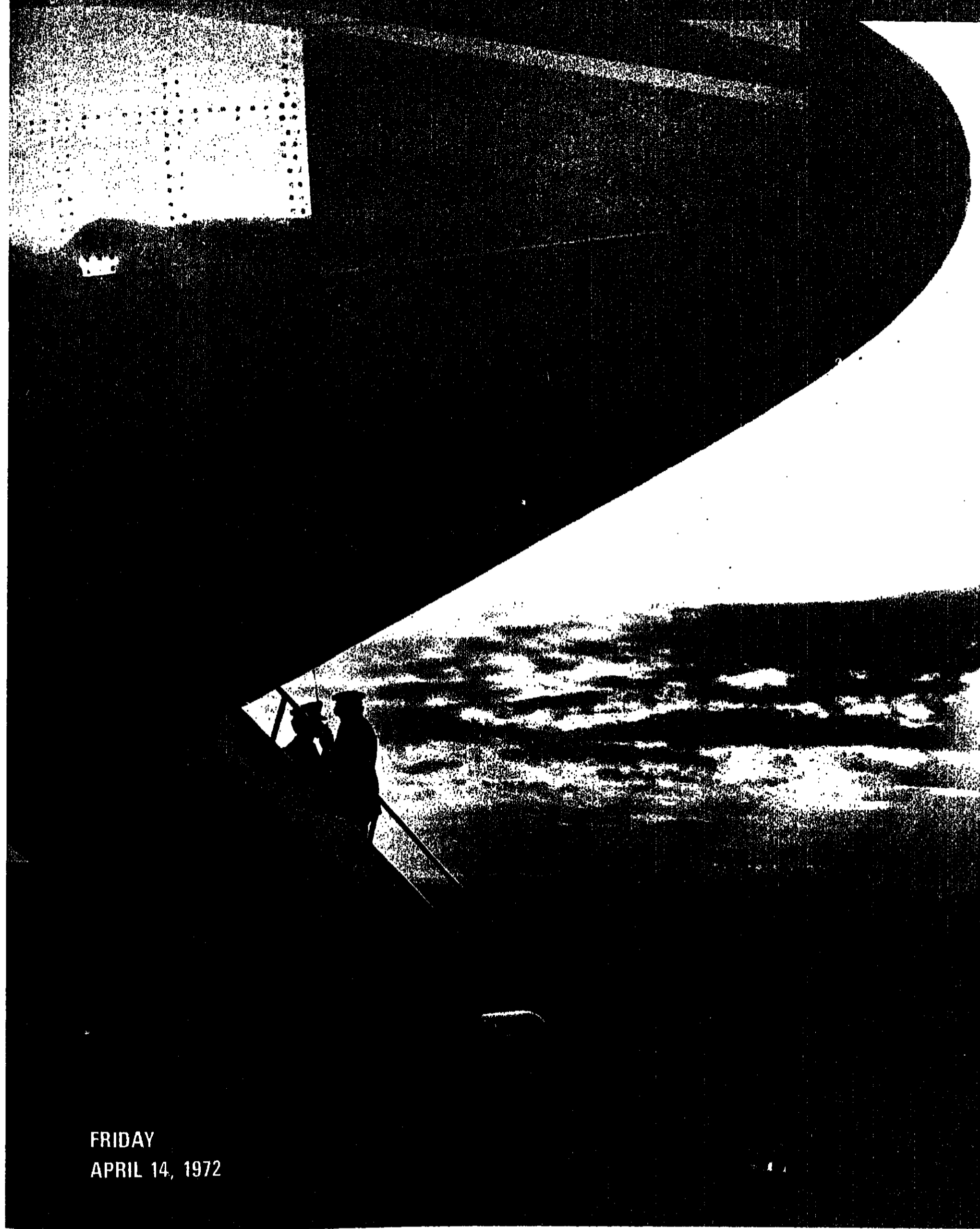
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FRIDAY
APRIL 14, 1972

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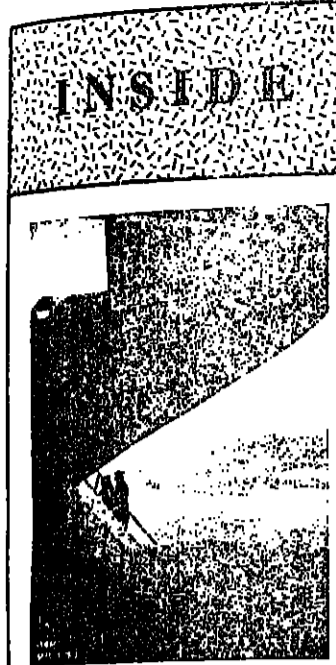
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ON THE COVER — The paralysis which hit El Al this week, when maintenance and other workers at the national airline staged a solid strike, is symbolized in this photo by David Eubinger.

LEA BEN DOH takes a look at public festivities. Page 6. **HOW UNITED IS LABOUR?** Political reporter Mark Segal takes a look at the factional problems affecting the country's dominant political force. Page 6.

THE ZIONIST REBBES OF SADAGORA — David Landau visits the descendant of a Hassidic prince who met with Herzl, and gets some unexpected opinions on Orthodoxy. Page 9.

PLAQUE ON YOUR HOUSES — Tora and Flora, by L.I. Rabinowitz. Page 14.

THE SPLENDID RUINS OF SUSITA — Sylvia Mann visits the Graeco-Roman ruins on the eastern side of the Kinaret. Page 15.

SAD DAYS AT THE FLEA MARKET — Business isn't what it used to be for Jaffa's sellers of old clothes and antiques. By Sarah Honig, with photos by Shalom Bar-Tal. Page 16.

FOOLISHNESS — Ephraim Kibon takes a hilarious look at the football "Toto." Page 17.

FAMILY — Kicking the habit in California, page 18; The hippies return to Amsterdam, page 19; The sweet success of smell, page 20; Is work spoiling the Soviet woman? page 21; Life in Galilee — Bloodshot blues, page 22.

BOOKS — De Gaulle by de Gaulle, Art and the unconscious, page 11; Generations of Israeli writers, page 12; The work of Philo Judaeus, page 13.

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT — Death of a lovely play, by Mendel Kohansky, page 23; Gallery Guide, page 24; Music and Musicians, by Yehannan Boehm, page 25; Philip Gillon's Television, Radio by Lea Levavi, page 27; Radio-TV schedules, puzzles, page 28; What's On, pages 28-29; Cinemas, page 30; Poster, page 31.

Twin towns gird for elections



Tall minaret towers over park in centre of El-Bireh, where 90 per cent of the 20,000 residents are Moslems. (Photos by Mike Goldberg)

IT is with some relief that we emerge from the concrete jungle that was once Ammunition Hill and French Hill, and find ourselves among the gracious villas of Ramallah, El-Bireh, two of the most attractive towns on the West Bank. Many of these homes have been built by affluent absentee sons of Ramallah settled in the Americas or oil-rich Kuwait, and they have been built, not as housing units, but as dream-homes to which the owners will return some day in happy retirement.

The casual visitor will find it impossible to tell the two towns apart, since the border is a street just after the El-Bireh vegetable market. Ramallah, with 16,000 inhabitants, is predominantly Christian, with 70 per cent of its people attending some of the town's many fine churches; El-Bireh's 20,000 people are 90 per cent Moslem, and its architecture is dominated by a slim, elegant minaret above a great green dome. Parks and restaurants beckon to tourists to relax; smart dress shops offer shapely miniskirt outfits, made in Ramallah, and mass-produced Israeli wares.

The political life of Ramallah is dominated not by political parties, but by extended clans, and we have to wait some time for Mayor Khalil Moussa to return from consultations with members of his clan, Ibrahim, about its attitude to the upcoming municipal elections. Mayor Moussa took over office three years ago after his predecessor, Nadim Zaron, was removed from office and expelled to Jordan for subversive activities.

The mayor tells us that it is highly probable that he will stand for election, together with several members of his present council; negotiations are continuing between the clans. There is no organized opposition that he knows of, although of course there are some people who are dissatisfied with this or that aspect of his administration. "There are always dissatisfied people," he says wryly. "But you couldn't say that there's a party or group or anything like that which is pressing for change."

In these circumstances, Mayor Moussa says frankly that he does not think that there was any need to hold elections. "The people in our area were satisfied with their councils, there was no real demand for elections. But, since the authorities decided to hold them, we are taking an interest in them."

There has been some criticism of the Jordanian law under which the elections are being run, since this gives the franchise only to registered landowners, some 1,500 people out of the town's entire population.

"I don't think that the criticism is valid. This municipal election is quite different from an election to Parliament: the municipalities are concerned only

With the municipal elections duly concluded in Samaria, attention has now shifted to what will take place in the towns of Judea. Philip Gillon and Anan Safadi visited the twin cities of Ramallah and El-Bireh this week, to discuss the elections, the wider political scene, and life in general with Mayor Khalil Moussa of Ramallah, Mayor Abdul-Jawad Saleh of El-Bireh, and Ramallah lawyer-politician Aziz Shehadeh.

with providing services from the money paid by ratepayers. It is true that other citizens benefit from the services, but the people really involved are the ratepayers. Bearing in mind the very restricted powers of the municipalities, the electoral roll makes sense. It would be quite different if the municipalities represented the people in other areas."

Minister of Defence Moshe Dayan said the other night on Israel Television that he looks on the elected mayors as the representatives of the people.

Mayor Moussa looks very surprised. "You mean, in political matters?"

Apparently. "I don't agree. We represent only a small segment of the population, the ratepayers, to deal with such matters as sewers, lights, roads, building of schools, parks, development, services. Representatives for political matters would have to be elected in quite a different way, with everyone voting; they might choose somebody else."

What are the main projects on which he and his council are working, and which they will pre-

sumably carry on if re-elected? "Before 1967, we had plans for a sewage project drawn up by experts in Beirut. It was perfectly done, but it was shelved after the War. Now it is out of date, and we have had another plan drawn up by engineering specialists in Israel. We are waiting for this to be approved by the authorities."

Will it be linked to the Jerusalem system in any way? Do they have any links with Jerusalem or Israel?

"The sewage plan is a private treatment plan — it will have nothing to do with Jerusalem."

"We get our water from our own springs. Electricity comes from the Jerusalem Arab electric company, not the Israeli company."

"We have many development projects in mind. We had furniture and chocolate industries from before 1967; now we also have new textile factories. We make good clothes here. The big area for development is tourism, which has always been a major source of income for Ramallah. It went down a lot after 1967, but picked up last year, when over 100,000 Arab summer visitors

were allowed to come from neighbouring countries. We hope things will be better this year. "We have the best climate in the region, and Ramallah should be a major tourist centre. We used to get people from America, Europe, the Arab countries — mostly Arab tourists, but others as well. We're planning to build more hotels and more parks to attract visitors."

Has he discussed getting substantial loans from the Ministry of Tourism?

"If we need loans, we'll take them. But we deal with the Military Government, not directly with the Minister."

Despite the drop in tourism, the town seems very prosperous. "Of course, Ramallah was prosperous before '67, and it is still prosperous. May it always remain so."

Many of the labourers go to Jerusalem to work on construction projects. Are their earnings a factor in Ramallah's prosperity?

With surprising heat he challenges the proposition. "It is true that they bring earnings to spend but we are suffering because we have lost all our building workers to Israel. There is an acute shortage. We can't get workers for municipal projects, and the shortage is handicapping the development of the town. We discussed this with Mr. Dayan, and he said we should pay higher wages than Israel. But even this doesn't help."

I spoke to one of the workers who goes to Israel, and asked how much he earned there. He said IL21. I said to him: "Show me your pay slip." It did say he earned a gross IL21, but then came deductions, like taxes, bringing it down to IL18. He doesn't pay taxes if he works here. Then I pointed out he pays IL2.80 a

(Continued on page 4)



Surrounded by lovely gardens, the Ramallah city hall looks very much like a resort hotel.



Israel Yeshayahu (with Lyova Ellav at left): reputation as a good party man, and plenty of seniority. (Starphoto)

LABOUR: HOW UNITED?

Questions of factional expediency may decide the quiet contest for the Knesset Speakership, writes political reporter MARK SEGAL



Acting speaker Yitzhak Navon: despite moderate view, his Rafi membership hurts his chances.

WHENEVER Labour Party leaders are questioned about the progress of the united Labour Party, they smile cheerfully and dismiss claims that the three former party frameworks — Mapai, Ahdut Ha'avoda and Rafi — are still operative despite the formal merger in 1968.

But some party circles are now asking out loud whether this is the case. The question is not a technical one. The Labour grouping is the dominant political movement in the State of Israel, in its central government and national legislature, as well as in most local authorities; it controls the majority of the mighty General Federation of Labour — not to speak of the World Zionist Organization and its executive bodies. Anything that happens in the Labour Party reverberates through the entire political structure of Israel.

The strength of the Labour Party — like Mapai before it — was that it reflected the national consensus, trimming its sails gradually to the changes sweeping Israeli society. Its consistent success at the polls flowed from public confidence in its leadership and policies. Over two decades the distribution of the vote has remained astonishingly constant, despite the influx of more than a million and a half immigrants and the coming-of-age of sabra voters.

A prime reason is that Israel's dominant political force chose to fill public posts with the best men available and, even during the break with David Ben-Gurion, adhered to his credo of putting country before party in making appointments to high office.

But sections of the Labour Party are now wondering whether this tradition is still as strong as it was.

One straw in the wind is the quiet contest now being conducted over the succession to the post of Knesset Speaker, which fell vacant with the death of Raouven Barkat, Premier Golda Meir, as titular head of the party, has not yet had her say on the matter, and has been quoted as doubting the unseemly haste with which some of her party colleagues rushed into the fray, even before she had finished.

The press reported that Labour Party Secretary-General Israel Yeshayahu would be the candidate of ex-Mapai in the Labour Party, with ex-Rafi backing Acting Speaker Yitzhak Navon.

Mr. Yeshayahu has set in the Speaker's chair while serving as Deputy Speaker, and earned his party gratitude for his exemplary management of the Labour Party's day-to-day operations and its steering committee last April. Working in his favour are his reputation as a good party man and his seniority, not to mention his scholarly spoken Hebrew. Moreover, the party veterans are said to feel that they owe him something because he was left out of the Cabinet formed in 1969, after one term at the Ministry of Posts.

But although Mr. Navon is the most dovish of the ex-Rafi grouping, his former membership in that defunct party is the main element militating against his election by his own party to the post of Knesset Speaker. Nor is he helped by the fact that both the NRP and Gahal would prefer him to Mr. Yeshayahu.

Both Yeshayahu and Mr. Navon meet Labour's political need to appoint, for a change, someone from the Sephardi or Oriental communities, after an unbroken series of Ashkenazi speakers, well ahead of the 1973 elections. Mr. Yeshayahu was born in Yemen, and his power base was the Yeminite immigrants' departments of Mapai and the Histadrut.

Mr. Navon has the background of a patriotic Jerusalemite, son of a family — his grandfather, Navon Pasha, built the first railway linking Jerusalem to Jaffa. He entered politics after serving as aide to then-Premier David Ben-Gurion. And he enjoys a wide popularity beyond purely political circles, mainly because of his writings on Sephardi subjects. He was the author of such box-office hits as "The Sephardi Orchard" and "Romance of Sephardi" and his trip to Spain, which was cut short by the death of the Speaker, was in connection with research into the Inquisition.

Yet Labour Party politicians at many levels doubt that Mr. Navon will get the post. Two reasons they give are his relative youth (at 49, he is 13 years younger than Mr. Yeshayahu) and his link with Rafi from 1965 to 1968. The latter reason might come as a surprise to those who believed the old party labels had gone and that the party consensus reflected the blurring of the old concepts — a blurring symbolized by the common poles of Premier Meir, Mr. Dayan and Mr. Gali.

One of the sharpest barbs came from the pen of the illustrious "Dava" columnist "Hagai" — Haim Guri, the post of the Ahdut Ha'avoda leaders. Mr. Guri explained that his support for Mr. Navon arose from a deep party gratitude for his exemplary management of the Labour Party's day-to-day operations and its steering committee last April. Working in his favour are his reputation as a good party man and his seniority, not to mention his scholarly spoken Hebrew. Moreover, the party veterans are said to feel that they owe him something because he was left out of the Cabinet formed in 1969, after one term at the Ministry of Posts.

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combined with his being a man of the world, make him the best choice for Speaker of the Knesset, and Acting Presidency of the State. There is no logical reason to prevent him from continuing in this post until the expiration of the term of the present Knesset, and even beyond...

Mr. Guri went on: "Mr. Navon is not identified in the public mind with the party politicians. As a younger man, his election would indeed serve as a gesture to the younger generation. His election would refute the charge that party factional considerations are a major factor in this choice, and indeed his election would surprise many of us... There is no intention of hurting Mr. Yeshayahu — on the contrary. He was only recently chosen for the important position of Party Secretary-General. It would be an expression of contempt for that post if he were to leave it before having implemented his plans. Under the circumstances his appointment might be interpreted as endorsing the claim that Mapai is seeking to fill the post with its own man at any price... Consider that Yeshayahu, for his part, should reject the pressure of family — his grandfather, Navon Pasha, built the first railway linking Jerusalem to Jaffa. He entered politics after serving as aide to then-Premier David Ben-Gurion. And he enjoys a wide popularity beyond purely political circles, mainly because of his writings on Sephardi subjects. He was the author of such box-office hits as "The Sephardi Orchard" and "Romance of Sephardi" and his trip to Spain, which was cut short by the death of the Speaker, was in connection with research into the Inquisition.

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(Continued from Page 6)

commissioned intelligence reports on other leading party personages. According to one party source high up in the party, a research institute partly owned by Hebrew University sociologist Gad Yatziv — whose main claim to fame is that at the last election he headed the ultra-leftist "Peace List." Mr. Yatziv refused to deny or confirm the report, and declined to name his client. (Reports had it that the poll result was suppressed when it showed that Mr. Dayan's popularity was as high as ever.)

Within party circles it is claimed that the pressure mounted on the party leadership to elect Mr. Yeshayahu to the Speaker's post has nothing to do with his personal merits, but is a function of the machines' wish to remove him from party headquarters. Mr. Yeshayahu has apparently not succeeded in winning the confidence of the "Gush," and is even at odds with those who helped elect him, such as Mr. Rabinowitz. At a recent Saturday evening meeting at the Mayor's home, according to insiders, it was decided to sidestep Mr. Yeshayahu by setting up an advance elections campaign headquarters, with Mr. Ofer in charge. Mr. Ofer is not as popular as Mr. Rabinowitz in the party branches, some of his critics holding that he confuses ruthless with efficiency. But it was resolved that he could do the job as well as he had performed it in 1968. The new situation arising from the sudden death of



Mayor Rabinowitz: In rumored 'grand design' he is Finance Minister.

Mr. Barkat, it is said, was seen as the opportunity for getting Mr. Yeshayahu out of party head offices. However, once it got around that Mr. Ofer was in line for running the elections, thereby forming the party's future image, rumbling was heard from all corners. It was pointed out that it would look peculiar to have Mr. Ofer — a sharp critic of the Government's foreign and security policy — as the man in charge of Mrs. Meir's party. Soon it was being said that Mr. Ofer's friend, Mr. Arye Eliav, M.K., could be persuaded to return to party headquarters now or that he has finished his new book. Lyova Eliav is widely liked even by those who disagree with his super-dovish views — he uses

LABOUR

the rapier rather than Mr. Ofer's axe. Then there came increasing mention of Deputy Education Minister Aharon Yadin who, while belonging to the same age group as Mr. Ofer, is closer to Mrs. Meir in matters of policy.

Some Labour Party personalities say that Mapai politicians are still angered over the fact that Mrs. Meir, seeking to blur the old factional labels, brought in Ahdut Ha'avoda's Yitzhak Ben-Aharon as Histadrut Secretary-General, who has not followed the party line, nor scored any great success for the Histadrut. Thus they will never allow any other posts out of their hands — which is why Mr. Yeshayahu is being preferred over Mr. Navon for the Speaker's seat. (However, another party source said that if the opposition of the other Knesset parties threatened to reduce the majority to the Labour Party might instead put forward another ex-Mapai veteran — Agriculture Minister Haim Gvati.) That is why, it is explained, Mr. Moshe Carmel of ex-Ahdut Ha'avoda was never even considered as either party Secretary-General or Knesset Speaker.

An illustration of long political memories is Mapai itself, which was formed in 1930 by a merger of Hapoel Hatzair and the old



Abraham Ofer: building homes and electoral machines.

such leaders as the late Yosef Aharonowitz, Haim Ariosoroff, Yosef Sprinzak and Levi Eshkol and youngsters such as Pinhas Lavon and Pinhas Sapir.

It was only after "Shah Bet" split off that the former factions began to integrate, with Eshkol — the most activist of his group — replacing Ben-Aharon at the power centre of the Tel Aviv Labour Council. Later the challenge to Ben-Gurion's leadership came from old Hapoel Hatzair men like Sprinzak and Lavon.

A major dilemma facing the ex-Mapai politicians of today is the lack of a suitable reservoir of manpower for the top jobs they wish to preserve exclusively for Mapai. The splits of 1942 (Ahdut Ha'avoda) and 1965 (Rafi) took with them the younger party leadership. Both groups have considerable human resources at their disposal, yet are denied advancement under the present factional set-up. The pre-merger period propelled to the fore younger Mapai men to fill the positions left vacant, which they would otherwise not have reached for a long time.

Worried insiders are asking whether continued penalization of old party labels will not serve to create an explosive situation. A more fundamental concern is the extent to which today's electorate is prepared to accept a political pattern that has its roots in the political disagreements of Labour Zionism in the '20s and '30s. A parallel concern is to what extent the leadership will sense and respond to the undercurrents of a demand for change.

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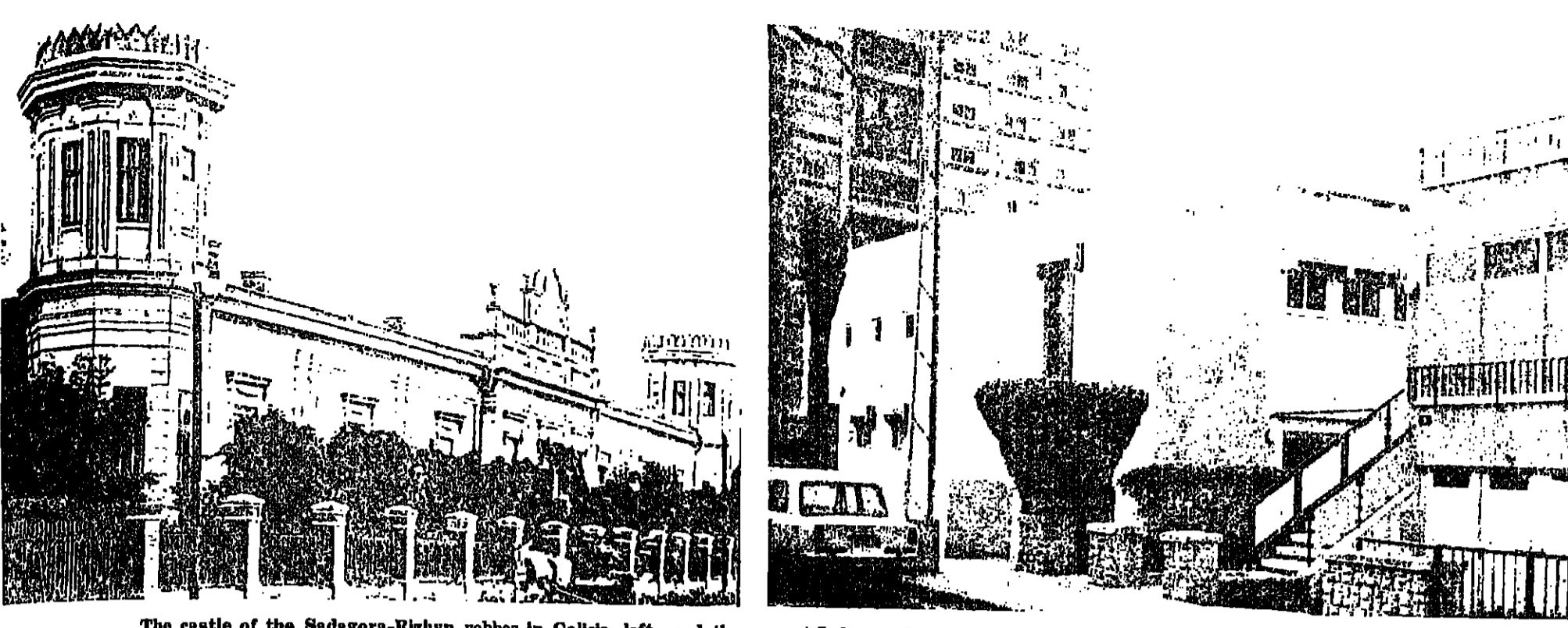
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The castle of the Sadagora-Rizhyn rebbe in Galicia, left, and the current Sadagora Rabbi's modest beit midrash in North Tel Aviv.

The Zionist rebbes of Sadagora



Rabbi Mordechai Friedman in his book-lined study in Tel Aviv.

The Herzl expert at the Zionist Archives was unfamiliar with the word "Sadagora." "Would you spell that please?" he asked Post reporter DAVID LANDAU, who wanted information about Herzl's contacts with the Hassidic Rabbi of Sadagora in the 1890s. Eventually, the archivist found some references to Sadagora in the index of Herzl's diary. The grandson of the Rabbi of Sadagora maintains — and this appears to be backed up by Herzl's diary — that Herzl called on the rebbe several times in 1895 and 1896 and won his support for the Zionist dream. RABBI MORDECHAI FRIEDMAN of Tel Aviv, the present Sadagora rebbe, is proud of his grandfather's support for Zionism. He is concerned, however, by recent extremist trends in Israeli Orthodoxy, as he reveals here.

A MORE beautiful Sadagora! Over there (in Eretz Israel) we will build a more beautiful Sadagora for the Wonder Rebbe. The words are Theodor Herzl's, from an entry in his diary dated June 16, 1896. "After all," Herzl added optimistically, "our clergy will be the first to understand us and go with us."

Herzl's enchantment with the Hassidic Rabbi of Sadagora (a small town in Galicia) had begun at least a year earlier. On June 6, 1895, he made the following note in his diary: "The Wonder Rebbe of Sadagora to be brought over and installed as something like the bishop of a province. In fact" — here again the optimism which was soon to prove groundless — "win over the entire clergy." Ten days later, apparently after a visit to the rebbe's castle at Sadagora, Herzl sketched the Jewish State of the future as "...a continuation for the civilized world, which will come to visit as it now visits Lourdes, Mecca, Sadagora. No pressure will be exerted on anyone's conscience... One of the things, perhaps the main thing, that we shall have learned from the civilized nations will be tolerance."

The juxtaposition of Sadagora and tolerance is significant. The tradition of tolerance which permeated the House of Rizhyn-Sadagora accounts for the encouragement which Herzl received from Rabbi Israel Friedman of Sadagora. The meeting between the two men must have been impressive. The rebbe, in his black coat, with his beard and the short, neatly groomed peyot which were the rule at Sadagora, in his elegant castle, surrounded by his followers; and Herzl, no less impressive, whose own full beard and rabbinate's aura, but who in fact was as far removed from rabbis and rabbinites as a century of Emancipation.

And yet there was a dialogue; and there was a meeting of minds on the Jewish national revival.

Herzl tried many times to win the backing of the leading Hassidic rabbis for his Zionist ideal. In 1898 the Rebbe of Rymanov, a relation of Rabbi Friedman, suggested a meeting of rebbes to be held in Jerusalem.

All Herzl's overtures to the Hassidic rebbes over the years were out of pragmatism, realizing that there was no better way to enlist the support of the masses of Jews than to gain the approval of the Hassidic leaders. Herzl could cross with ease the

divide between his world and the world of the Hassidic courts — because he had not grown up encumbered by that divide, and because it seemed so unimportant to him compared with his plan for Jewish renaissance.

The rebbes, except for the Rebbe of Sadagora, seem to have been unable to cross the divide. Herzl remained for them above all the product of the Emancipation which they were fighting.

This year, however, has seen the completion of a new Sadagora centre in Rehov Pinkus, in north Tel Aviv. It comprises a beautifully designed synagogue, a small rabbinical college for married students, and the rebbe's home. The choice of location is another expression of the Sadagora tradition of tolerance and concern for all Jews, not only the Hassidic, nor even only the Orthodox. Rabbi Friedman wants his beit midrash to become a vibrant focal point of religious life in North Tel Aviv.

It was his concern for the wider problems of religion in Israeli society which moved Rabbi Friedman to talk. He is grieved at the wind of extremism which is sweeping through the Orthodox camp, splitting it asunder and deepening still more the gulf between religious and irreligious.

"Extremism is a symptom of inner weakness," Rabbi Friedman affirms. He decries the "spirit of Brooklyn" which he says is penetrating the minds of religious youth here as never before.

He told of his experience when he was recently asked to speak at a religious gathering. A rabbi who spoke before him concentrated on "current issues." The rabbi cursed all and sundry and treated Parties, Government and political parties to resounding condemnation. ("I thought the mizna is to recite one hundred blessings each day, not 100 curses," Rabbi Friedman mused wryly.) He noticed, he said, the rapt attention of the audience during this tirade. When his turn came to speak,

he devoted his address to a Tora discourse. The audience, all purportedly learned people, were patiently bored and shifted noisily. "The fanatics are not truly Orthodox," says Rabbi Friedman. "They lack any feeling of good will in their attitude to other Jews." In Sadagora we used to shake our heads in an up-and-down motion as we prayed, as if to say "yes." Others would sway from side to side in "no" movement. This "yes" went for all our dealings with our fellow Jews, no matter how far removed they were from Judaism; you must never say "no" to a fellow Jew.

Between the Wars, Rabbi Friedman lived in Vienna and took an active part in Aguda politics. He freely admits that he stood on the "left wing" of the party. He said that the late Rabbi of Gur, the Hassidic rabbi with the largest following in pre-War Poland and the effective leader of Polish Orthodoxy, also had "left-wing" views. He supported Jewish settlement in Palestine and was not totally opposed to what the Zionists were doing. This was true also of the Gur Rabbi's brother-in-law, Rabbi Yitzhak Meir Levin, who was the leader of the Aguda Knesset faction and a Minister in the first Israeli Government.

The Ponevezher Rav, Rabbi Yosef Kahaneman, was another member of the pre-War Agudat "Sages' Council" with similar views, but the leading Lithuanian yeshiva heads were more extremist and they carried the day, Rabbi Friedman said.

Now too Rabbi Friedman is a member of Aguda — he would not think of switching to the NRP — although he is sharply critical of his own party. "They don't practise what they preach. They talk and talk about Russian immigrants being denied their religious needs, but they do nothing about it. Why don't they set up their own absorption centres? Religious donors abroad could be urged to funnel their contributions being earmarked for specifically religious immigrants' hostels.

On the question of army service and exemption for yeshiva students Rabbi Friedman had this to say: "The Talmud tells of a certain rabbi who said he never married because he was in love with the Tora. Such people exist in every age, and they exist today too. To make them serve as soldiers and tear them away from the Tora would be wrong. The Tora needs them. Whoever sincerely feels himself in that category must ask for an exemption. As for the others..." He wouldn't say more, but the message was clear.

As a Zionist, Rabbi Friedman of course rejects the contention that Jews ought not to rebuild Zion until the Messiah comes. This contention, he says, merely reveals a lack of faith in the Messiah's imminent coming — one of the basic beliefs of the Faith. "If one really believed that the Messiah was coming tomorrow, one would prepare for his coming today..."

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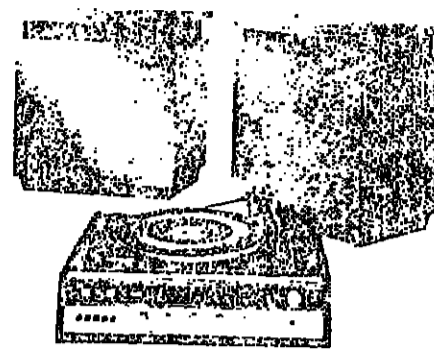
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De Gaulle by de Gaulle Art and the unconscious — a case study of psychosis

THE Charles de Gaulle whom the Jewish world remembers as likely to be the man who in 1967, six months after the Six Day war, called the Jewish People "an odd people, self-assured and confident." The comment elicited widespread consternation in Israel and among world Jewry over those words of the man who had been considered a staunch friend of Israel and the Jews.

But, although de Gaulle most certainly had the opportunity to get a final and more comprehensive word in when he penned this second and final volume of his memoirs, the reader will search in vain for any critical references to the Jewish people in these writings. The memoirs, published originally in 1970, take the reader only up to the early 1960s, and most of the discussion in the latter part of the memoirs focuses on domestic affairs. To understand de Gaulle's remark about the Jews, it is important to take into account the General's evaluation of France's Middle East policy in 1961, turning point in the General's mind for his dealings with the Arab States. In a summing up of French policy on different areas of the world, de Gaulle had this to say about the Middle East:



Charles de Gaulle and David Ben-Gurion in Paris' Champs Elysees in 1960.

"In the Middle East, our affairs were initially at the lowest ebb. The Algerian crisis and the Suez affair had shut us out of the Arab world. It naturally intended to reestablish our position in this region, where there had always been an active French presence, especially since the great political and strategic importance of the basins of the Nile, the Euphrates and the Tigris, of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, was now matched by economic power based on oil."

A foretaste
So, from the memoirs we get a foretaste of things to come. Unfortunately for purposes of history and of scholarship, de Gaulle did not complete his memoirs before his death. Still, we are not left completely in the dark about the General's intentions when he made his famous remark about the Jews. In David Ben-Gurion's recently published "Israel: A Personal History" (N.Y. Funk and Wagnall's with Sabra Books, 882 pp., \$90), we have the full text of de Gaulle's reference to the Jews, and the extraordinary exchange of letters that followed between him and Mr. Ben-Gurion.

In his reply to Mr. Ben-Gurion's lengthy discourse on the obstacles placed in the path of freedom for the Jews, de Gaulle insists that he did not wish to leave the impression that in his statement he had intended any criticism: "I did not say that in denigration, and no insult is implied in my words. It was just because of these characteristics that the Jewish people could survive and remain as it is after two thousand years of unheard-of conditions."

If de Gaulle's attitudes and politics on the Jews and the Middle East are only briefly mentioned in the volume under review, we do get a feel of the themes which recurred time and again in French foreign policy during his term as President. We are more or less familiar with de Gaulle's famous ego, in which the country and the head of state are somehow mystically transfigured into the same object. But the trouble with these memoirs, as with so many others, is that while the author presents himself as saviour of the nation, his critics go unheard. We know that de Gaulle had little patience for democratic institutions, but his memoirs make it quite clear that he would have been just as happy if none existed at all. Early in his memoirs, he writes: "But, in order that the State should be, as it must be, the

instrument of French unity, of the higher interests of the country of continuity in national policy, I considered it necessary for the government to derive not from parliament, in other words the parties, but over and above them, from a leader directly mandated by the nation as a whole and empowered to choose, to decide and to act."

Charles de Gaulle was the only political figure in Europe to dream the dreams of grandeur and glory for his country after World War II. At the same time, however, those dreams posed little threat to France's neighbours. A France rebuilt from the ashes of World War II was one thing, but a France that would dominate Europe, and help to provide the counter-weight to the super-powers of Russia and the U.S., was quite another. It is important to dwell briefly on the basic themes of de Gaulle's memoirs, for it is in fact a far more moderate de Gaulle that we meet in these pages than the one we think we know.

ambiguity
There is a strange ambiguity about de Gaulle's role. As President of France, there was no doubt that he had to personify the national ambitions of his country. To do this, of course, the nation needed an efficient economic machine. Yet, in numerous instances he was willing to leave important economic decisions to the technicians. Thus, we have de Gaulle acceding to the government's technicians in the matter of forcing labourers back to work. Though he felt it was hard to "force four hundred thousand men to work if they did not agree to do so," he granted the request of his economic advisors that he order the men to return to work in the national interest.

It is perfectly true that de Gaulle summons France to "play a leading international role" because it "suited her genius." However, he does not speak of France leading Europe, but only that she must play an "active role."

Instead of de Gaulle the imperialist, we find a more artful politician than we might have expected. In the brief but revealing paragraphs devoted to Israel, de Gaulle appears less interested in promoting French interests in the Middle East than in making sure that France retains the high esteem of both the Israelis and the Arabs.

After praising Mr. Ben-Gurion as a "doughty warrior and champ-

ion," de Gaulle asserts that France fully approved of the creation of the Jewish State, even though it had not championed its creation in the beginning. He notes that it was upon the initiative of the Americans, the British and the Russians that Israel was founded in 1948. Even in calling Israel's political existence "justified," de

Gaulle said:
"I considered that a great deal of caution was called for in her handling of the Arabs."
If de Gaulle seeks to make sure that he is remembered as a friend of Israel, he wishes to leave an historical record of friendship with the Arabs as well. The Arabs, he asserts, were the victims of the creation of Israel. By setting up the Jewish State, Israel "had wounded them (the Arabs) in their religion and their pride."

Then he says that Mr. Ben-Gurion wished to expand Israel's borders in order to accommodate the four or five million Jews that would eventually settle in Israel. It may well be that Mr. Ben-Gurion discussed the problem of settling this many Jews within the confines of the Jewish State. But it is well known — especially since the Six Day War — that Mr. Ben-Gurion believes that this can and should be done within the pre-1967 borders — except that re-occupied Jerusalem must remain united.

However much de Gaulle wished to enter centre stage in international life, he realized over and over again that a nation that over-extended itself economically and militarily could hardly expect to have the flexibility to transform itself into a political giant. The case history of Algeria, which pre-occupied de Gaulle throughout the third of his memoirs, stands as a reminder of this. Struggle though he did to extricate France from the Algerian quagmire, de Gaulle was aware of the problems of leaving behind a revolutionary segment that would rob the people of their peace and tranquillity. But above all, he wanted France out of Algeria, and it is this urgent desire that dominates his writings about the events of the late 1950s and the early 1960s.

Milner takes the reader step by step in a simple and straightforward way, without mouthing grand theories. She cites her sources and occasionally elaborates in the footnotes. And it all seems so simple.

For the artist, the most important point of the book is its showing of Susan's insistence on clinging to "her own thing." She doubtless was a person of sensitivity and intelligence who all through her dealings with her maddest knew she had to get to some kind of inner centre of spontaneity. This was what took her so long, to sink into the "holding arms" of love, psychodynamically speaking. The moment she felt in touch with that inner self, she could allow herself to love with full feeling and be loved.

Her body and psyche at last became integrated and she could detach herself from her analyst to cope in the world on her own. This insistence of Susan on being her own is, of course, a necessity for any person wanting to reach some sort of lasting level in the arts. Milner's delicate recognition of Susan's inner integrity is actually the most impressive part of this volume.
Susan's own solution to the problem of existence was not in artistic endeavour. But the account of her long struggle, in which expression through drawing was a part, adds substantially to our knowledge of the connection between art and the unconscious.

The book's sole shortcoming is its limited exposition of the emotional processes between the patient and the analyst, which finally allowed the cure. Milner states that there was so much material, she left out the usual neurotic manifestations that occur in analyses. As a result, the reader who is not at home in psychoanalytical literature feels that the whole story has not been told, even though so very much more has been told than in the usual case study. It may be, however, that this requires the skills of a novelist; that there is, after all, even in the bringing of the irrational into the rational, a need for art.

THE HANDS OF THE LIVING GOD by Marion Milner. Introduction by D. W. Winnicott. Drawings by Susan London Hogarth. London: Hogarth Press, 1972. Pp. 125.

Reviewed by Jean Ball Kosloff

This book is the case study of a psychotic patient, Susan, presented around discussions of her drawings — a patient who after 18 years of murderous impulses, became able to hold down a job and marry. The introduction is by a well known English psychoanalyst; the approach is scientific, though the book is written in lay language. The book's value to the artistic creator lies in its opening more doors to understanding the creative process itself, the link between the psyche and mythology, the reader's self-understanding and the similarities and dissimilarities between madness and artistic expression.

When beginning the treatment of her patient, Susan, Marion Milner had already written on her own unconscious difficulties as a painter in "On Not Being Able to Paint." She also had come to Freudian, or, specifically, Kleinian, understandings of the psyche after first learning from the Jungians and from Eilton Mayo, a pioneer in industrial social psychology. Added to this was the creative mind of a warm human being willing to continue her own development through her interaction with her patient. Although "On Not Being Able to Paint" may appear to be a more useful book for the artist, it is less so simply because "The Hands of the Living God" is a later work, incorporating more knowledge and experience.

Jean Ball Kosloff, who has been living in Israel since 1946, is a trained anthropologist, a poet and a painter.

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Plague on your houses

I WAS so sure that I had stumbled upon the true explanation of something to which no satisfactory reason has ever been given; it seemed so obvious, but alas it appears that I was wrong.

The portion of this week deals with the loathsome disease which is known as Biblical leprosy, and its prevention and cure. But in addition to the details of the disease affecting human beings, the Bible treats of leprosy of garments (Lev. 13:47-59) and houses (14:33-53), and no satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the nature of this spreading disease which affected the walls of a house.

As I have pointed out before, the stages of the development of agricultural settlement in what was overwhelmingly the hilly and mountainous areas of the Land of Israel by Joshua was the cutting down of the virgin forest which covered the hill country, the clearing of the land of the stumps and stones, and the terracing of the slopes of the mountains.

To that however, one of my regular correspondents, Dr. Eva Danellus, made an interesting addition. In an article "The Boundary of Ephraim



and Manasseh in the Western Plain" which appeared in the Palestine Exploration Quarterly (1957-58), which she was good enough to send me, she wrote: "By clearing the woodlands as Joshua told them, timber was provided from which huts and houses could be built, as is done by new settlers all over the world, wherever this raw material is available." As to the complete lack of evidence of such building 3,000 years ago, she comments with justice: "Wood does not keep for thousands of years in the humid climate of the Sharon Plain or Mt. Ephraim. Therefore, hope is slim of ever excavating an entire Israelite settlement from the period of Joshua or the Judges."

When I read this, I thought I had found the answer to the leprosy of the houses. "Of course," I said to myself, "it is so obvious. The leprosy of houses was some kind of dry rot which affected those wooden houses. Does not the Biblical account open with the words, 'When ye come into the land of Canaan which I give to you for a possession. And I put a plague of leprosy in a house of the land of your possession?' — and these houses were of wood!"

Alas, a reading of the chapter does not support this "obvious" explanation. The account refers explicitly to "the stones in which the plague is" (v. 40) "and they shall take other stones" (v. 42), "after the stones have been taken out" (v. 43). That the houses referred to were of stone, and that it was the stone that was affected seems clear. And yet, in one verse, if in one verse only, the timber of the house is mentioned, "and he shall break down the house, the stones of it, and the timber thereof" (v. 45).

L.I. RABINOWITZ

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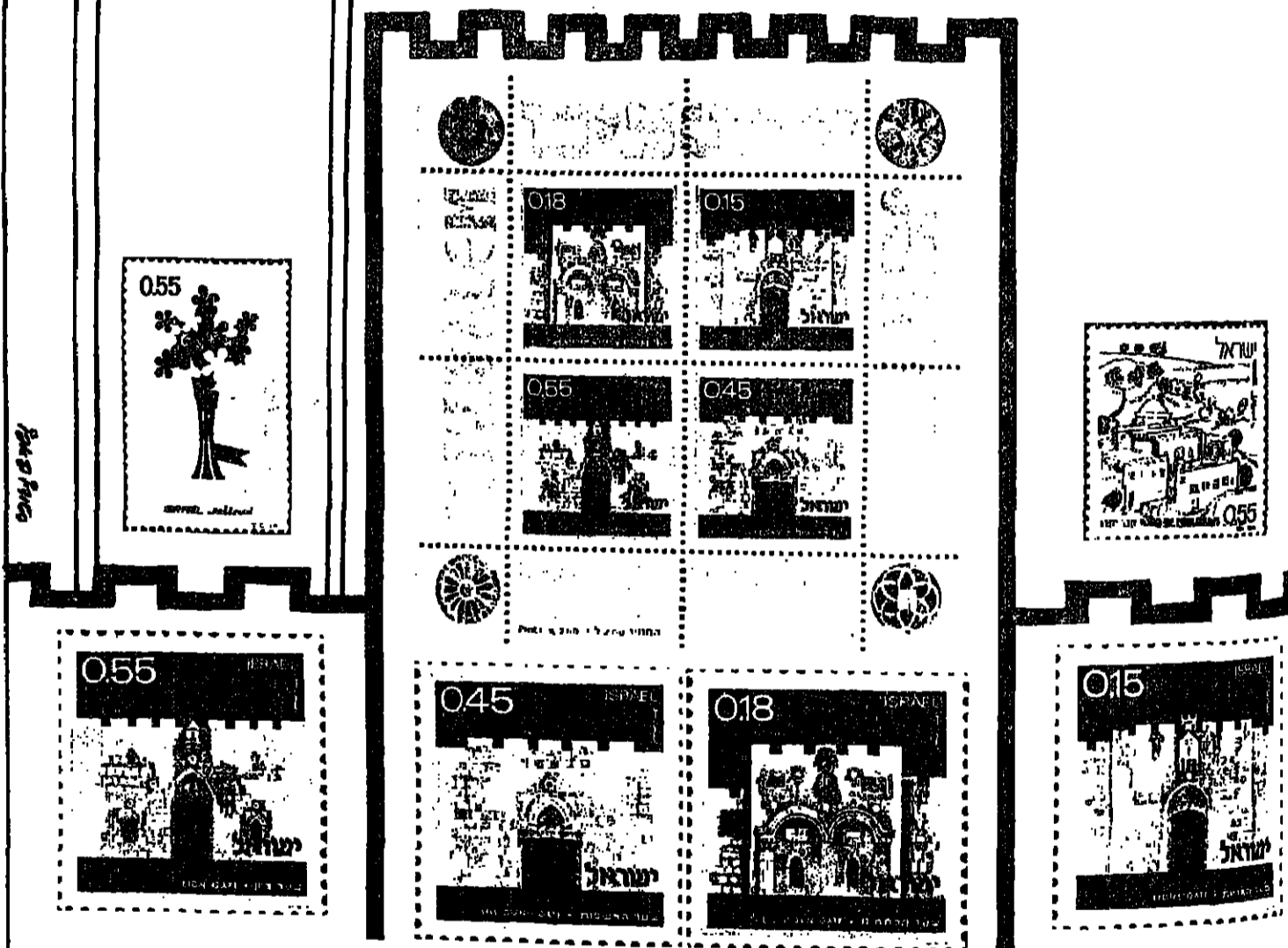
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Rows of granite columns lie broken along one of the streets. The town was also called Hippos in Greek.



City wall and watchtower of the town of Susita, called Hippos in Greek.



Plinths, capitals and columns are scattered around the site.

THE GRANDEUR OF SUSITA'S RUINS

ABOVE Kibbutz Ein Gev, on the eastern shore of Lake Kinneret lie the ruins of Susita. Once a proud city of the Decapolis — a league of ten Graeco-Roman towns — it was situated on the summit of the steep, saddle-shaped, 350-metre-high mountain shadowing Ein Gev. Known in Greek as Hippos, a horse — a direct translation of its Hebrew name, Susita — it exudes even today, nearly 14 centuries after its destruction, an atmosphere of luxury and grandeur.

Starting out from Ein Gev in the cool of the morning, you soon see the footpath to Susita spiraling up the hill. Wear a protective sun-hat and sun-glasses, and take a water bottle, for the climb is quite a stiff one.

After ascending steadily for about half an hour, during which you can enjoy an increasingly beautiful view of the lake and its opposite shore, you begin to notice thinly-scattered shards on the ground. Soon, you observe remains of the city walls and watch-towers, which become larger and more imposing as you approach the hill crest. Eventually about three-quarters of an hour after leaving Ein Gev, you find yourself treading on the solid, black-cobbled Roman road leading up to Hippos' broad western gate.

High street

Diagrams in several textbooks show this track, called the Roman Cardo, or High Street, of the ancient city, passing through the gate, curving right and then continuing in a straight line to the eastern gate. According to the diagrams, there are three churches to the left of the Cardo,

and a nymphaeum — a temple to the pagan water nymphs — to its right. Cisterns, a bath-house and a Byzantine basilica are also marked.

The heavy hand of time, earthquakes, the passage of invading armies, and the archaeologist's spade have all taken their toll, although what is left is still tremendously impressive. As you pick your way over mounds of huge basalt ashlar and finely worked stones, over plinths and capitals, and granite and marble pillars of incredible dimensions, you can readily visualize the lovely city this must once have been.

Additional evidence comes from the elaborate rock tombs, said to be similar to those of Beit Shearim, which were found on the eastern slope of the hill of Susita. At present, access to them is forbidden; this was a border post between 1948 and 1967, and there may be unexploded mines in the area.

Most of the ruins on Susita are difficult to identify, particularly for laymen. The heaps of stones to the left of the Cardo are overgrown with weeds and scrub. On the right, remains of a large, black basalt structure with a semi-circular niche pointing to the west may have been the nymphaeum.

Beyond it is a clearly-distinguishable complex consisting of a 25-metre-long baptistry and a marble-paved basilica. Grand in scale, the basilica is 40 metres long and had two rows of nine columns each dividing it into a nave and two side aisles. You can still see the parallel rows of giant pink, grey and white pillars lying where they fell long ago.

The baptistry was especially

lovely and had a fine mosaic floor. The sunken font can be seen in front of the apse, and bordering it is a Greek mosaic inscription, of which there were several in various parts of the pavement.

This one tells that the church was the gift of an unknown benefactor who built it in honour of the saints Cosmas and Damian. Christian folklore refers to these two as saintly twin brothers born in Arabia in the late third or early fourth century C.E. Physicians by profession, they were said to have cared for the sick free of charge, to have adopted the Christian faith, and to have been martyred by Diocletian. They seem to have caught the imagination of Palestinian Christians, for a number of churches were built in their memory in this part of the world in the fifth century.

The Strong Hill

What is the story of this strange place now wild and desolate, perched high above Ein Gev and the peaceful Sea of Galilee? Archaeologists have unraveled part of its history by digging on the mound called Tel el-Husan — the Strong Hill. The first investigator was G. Schumacher who, in the 1880s, especially noted the nymphaeum.

Some remarkable discoveries were made in 1961 on a dig at the foot of Susita-Hippos, adjoining Ein Gev. Archaeologists found signs of a considerable settlement dating from the fifth century to the second centuries B.C.E. From these finds, the theory was broached that this was the site of the ancient Jewish town of Susita, and that on its decline, a Greek Town of the same name

was founded nearby, but on a hill for easier protection.

It is possible that the two settlements may have co-existed. Some say that Hippos on its hill-top site was founded as early as the fourth century B.C.E., following Alexander the Great's conquest of the country. Few signs of this early period were discovered, but later remains show that Hippos, although small, was one of the best fortified of the inland cities. It was an important station on the Via Patris — the Way of the Fathers — the main caravan route north to Damascus.

Susita-Hippos began to develop after its capture by the Hasmonean king, Alexander Yannai, around 100 B.C.E. (the lower settlement had already been abandoned). One of the factors limiting its growth was the absence of a fresh-water spring. This meant that all water had to be stored in cisterns or brought up from the lake. Remnants of a cleverly-constructed aqueduct dating from this or a later era have revealed how this difficulty was overcome. Made up of black basalt stone sections, the aqueduct piped in water from the springs at Fik, 2 km. to the east and somewhat higher up, and in this way a constant water supply was maintained.

In 63 B.C.E., the Roman general Pompey took the town from Jewish rule and made it into one of the Greek cities of the Decapolis, the others being Damascus, Beisan (Sythopolis), Della, Dion, Gerasa, Amman (Philadelphia), Gadara, Raphana and Kanatha — all of them except Beisan east of the Jordan.

Josephus Flavius tells in his "Antiquities of the Jews," book

XV, ch. 7, v. 3, how "Herod was introduced to Caesar... who added to his kingdom Gadara, Hippos and Samaria; and besides those, the maritime cities, Gaza, Joppa and Strato's Tower."

Thus Hippos was annexed to the territories of Herod the Great, and on his death it became a Syrian province. Talmudic sources relate that many Jews lived in its surrounding villages, and although there were strong commercial ties between it and the Jewish town of Tiberias on the opposite side of the Sea of Galilee, relations between the two settlements were strained, sometimes to the extent of local rioting.

Byzantine glory

During Byzantine times — from the late fourth to the early seventh centuries — Susita-Hippos reached its architectural apogee. Good paved roads; gates; walls and watch-towers; plastered cisterns and efficient aqueducts, all in use at this period have been discovered, as well as the remains of at least four grand basilicas, baths and public buildings.

Hippos was one of the many towns overrun by the Moslem invaders in 636 C.E. Its beautiful buildings were destroyed, and the few that were left standing succumbed to an earthquake that ravaged the area. From then on, only a few isolated houses arose among the ruins which, in the War of Independence of 1948, became a point of extreme strategic importance. In July of that year, the Israel Defence forces, together with members of Kibbutz Ein Gev, took over the ancient hill-top citadel of Susita-Hippos.



Photos:
Shalom Bar-Tal
(Israel Staff)

Shopper examines an 78 rpm record, as hawkler watches with feigned disinterest.

Shopper sifts through pile of old garments, which are strewn around with little semblance of order.

Sad days at the flea market

ending and polishing old shoes. With a sparkling shine, the footwear may catch the eye of a bargain-hunter.

OLD nylon stockings with holes in them. A half deck of worn-out playing cards. A rusty tin can. An olive wood crucifix of recent manufacture with the word Nazareth stamped across it in Greek letters. A Beduin rug. Bleached sheepskins. Discarded fluffy orlon scraps. Plastic replicas of Michelangelo's "David," a "500-year-old" antique that left the factory not more than a month ago. If you want to buy any of these items, do your shopping at Jaffa's flea market.

The market spreads over narrow side alleys, off the Old Zion road not far from Jaffa's Clock Tower. It is a noisy blend of the European ghetto market, the Oriental bazaar, the *stok* of the North African Jew, with the added flavour of a modern-day tourist trap.

Wholesalers deliver their cheap, second-hand merchandise on trucks, competing for clientele and space with the push-carts and horse-drawn buggies of the *alte zachen* man. The shoppers range from derelict beggars, needy home-makers, and Arabs from Gaza, Judea and Samaria to fashionable young Tel Aviv housewives. Ben Yehuda Street boutique owners and wide-eyed tourists. The retailers claim there is a flea to be found in the area.

There are two distinct markets. As the visitor enters in from the main street, he enters a shabby looking area where the *alte zachen* men unload their wares. The sidewalks are filled with pitiful dusty and torn goods. The curio-seekers hurry by those who stop here are not looking for an unusual piece of jewelry or an ornamental brass lamp. They shop for necessities. Here you can buy sweaters for IL3 and a perfectly serviceable pair of leather boots for IL18. Customers bargain heatedly over 20 agoras. Those who can't afford high-priced household appliances can find heavy, wringer-style washing machines and huge old console radios. A little further on the target of the tourists, managers and young women is a small alley, which is a haven for the absence of steps, is similar to the faded market lanes in Jerusalem's Old City. Muni workers are installing fibre-glass roofs for old apartment buildings. Identical colourful trinkets, mirrors and beaded suspended from the stands everywhere, and broadly-smiling salesmen whose rudimentary English is Persian or Turkish accented. The fibre-glass roofs will fit right to the atmosphere here. This is where a shopkeeper will swear that his ten-year-old local brass bowl is a ritual utensil and hammered by his God-fearing, great, great-grandfather, in Tangiers, and offer it to you for the bargain price of IL120.

The first market is a sad place — a place of frustration, disappointment and heartbreak for the many vendors in whom the customs of a bygone era of old ghetto markets still linger. The Beduin women know that the real flea market is gone for good, that the fibre-glass roof represents the affluent city's symbol of progress.

to a customer," says Mr. Yankowitz, eyeing the alley from behind his second-hand clothes counter. His wife sits nearby mending pants that are "a little ripped" and lacking buttons.

"Nobody wants old clothes any more," he complains. "It used to be different. When I first came here 17 years ago, poor working people used to get their suits and coats here. About 12 years ago things began to change. People became rich. They live a life of luxury — all of a sudden only new clothes are good enough for them. I read in the papers that prices are high, that they have economic problems. Nonsense. If things are so bad, why don't people shop here?" he asks, unconsciously switching to Yiddish. "If not for the National Insurance pension, we would starve," he says.

'Nobody wants old clothes any more,' one of the vendors at the flea market in Jaffa told Post reporter SARAH HONIG this week, complaining that business has slumped badly since the Six Day War. Still the merchants — who sell everything from brand-new 'antiques' to worn-out clothes — keep a watchful eye out for the tax man.

Here the only people who do well are those who sell souvenirs and antiques. Mr. Yankowitz says, and his wife points to the roof going up overhead. "This is the tourists' market. To attract tourists, it won't do us a bit of good, but we had to pay IL750 for it and nobody even asked us if we want it."

Not far away sits another Yiddish-speaking immigrant from Rumania who mends and polishes old shoes till they emerge looking almost new. A high school boy examines boots for Gadsa training and goes off. The vendor says that his profit on a pair of shoes ranges from 50 agoras to one pound. "Sometimes I make two pounds profit a day, sometimes nothing. Sometimes when it's sold and rainy, I close up altogether. No one comes. But I've been doing this all my life and I'm too old to change now. Even though I can hardly buy food with the money I make here. Sometimes tourists stop and chat with me, but they don't need old shoes. They buy antiques."

But antique dealers also complain that things aren't what they used to be. Their fond memories of austerity some 20 years back: they still dream of the pre-Six Day War days, "when we didn't have competition from the Arabs in Jerusalem. They sell the same stuff as we do, but lots of people prefer to buy there. They think the Arabs sell cheaper. That's not true. Besides, there's no tourist who doesn't go to Jerusalem, but they don't all come to Jaffa," one Persian-born merchant said.

Things can't be all that bad, though, for whenever I went around the market, I was suspected of being a spy for the income tax authorities. "Business must be booming if you are so concerned about the tax men," I said to one merchant. "No," he claimed, "business is falling, but they never believe us and are always snooping around."

This section of the market is probably one of the few places in the country where you can hear that Israelis have more Westernized consumer habits than their American or English cousins.

"I have Israelis and tourists browsing here," a shopkeeper tells me. "But I'll give you five tourists for one Israeli. Our Israelis don't bargain so much and they have an idea of what something is worth. With the tourists it's terrible. Their guides coach them and teach them to bargain. They see something I paid IL100 for and offer me IL5. They nag for hours and then leave without buying. They visit 20 shops before they make up their minds and they always want something 'historical.' Israelis generally want something ornamental."

"Almost everything I have here is new," he admits, twisting his mustache. "Even what is old isn't really so old, but the tourists want antiques and that's what they get. What they don't know doesn't hurt them." He gets a lot of stuff from new immigrants, mostly from Iran and Turkey.

"The Indians also bring nice stuff, but we aren't so happy with the Russians. They come with nothing, although sometimes we get a samovar or some china. Arabs from the area also bring things and hippies sell us stuff, too. Still, business isn't what it used to be before the war," he says.

But the war also brought a new class of clients. Out of a car with Nablus licence plates emerges a family come to do a day's shopping in the big city. Marching ahead of everyone, with measured, purposeful steps is the father, and barely keeping up follow the women and two little girls. The old man stops in front of one stand and bargains for a woman's sweater. The woman stand behind, silent.

At the other end of the alley, a tourist attired in a sleeveless shocking-pink dress marches in gingerly, urging her husband to follow. They stop at a souvenir stand and are offered a picture of Herzl, the kind sold for a few agoras every Independence Day, but mounted in an antique-looking frame. According to the vendor, "the picture has been in the family for 200 years. It's a family treasure. If I didn't need the money, I wouldn't part with it."



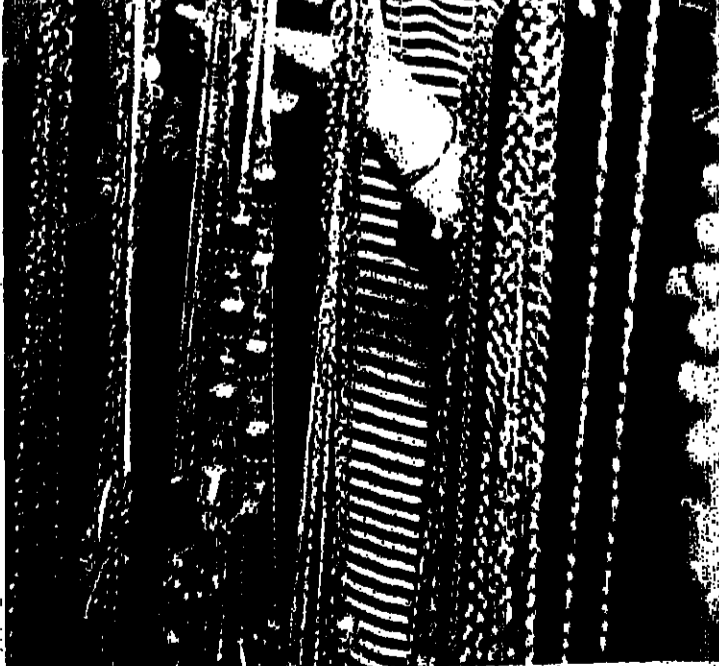
When business is slow, it's time for a talk.



Old clothes are sold despite high prices and slow business.



Tourists frequent souvenir and antique shops in the new section of the market, but often spend most of their time bargaining with the proprietors.



Old clothes are sold despite high prices and slow business.

POOL-ITICS

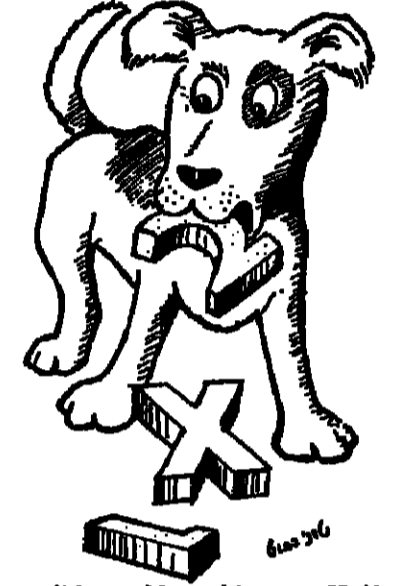
By Ephraim Kishon

THE government's economic policy may not have boosted productivity all along the line, but it has proved itself completely successful in at least one field — the football pool, whose countrywide output closely approaches that of the National Lottery. Naturally there is a world of difference between the two institutions: while the lottery is based on plain stupid luck, the pool is a test of a person's skill in the sports, because the little players must give proof of above-average familiarity with the workings of the National League. The procedure is very simple: you buy a form at one of the pool counters, and in the throes of Messianic clairvoyance forecast the result of next Saturday's games. You write "1" if the home team is your pick, or "X" for a draw, pay 30 agorot, then on Saturday leave the radio on all day, note with deep satisfaction that you have 12 correct guesses and win IL162,530.00, kindly bring a couple of baskets along.

bourhood, but found by now all had sponsors. In their feverish search for football innocents, the wily old foxes had even hired an old Beduin woman in the Sinai desert. The trouble is that the tyro guesses correctly once or twice, as long as he is completely untried. Then he too starts taking an interest in who won and who lost, and quickly forfeits his ability.

Take Amir, for instance. The idea occurred to my wife last month, when a kid aged eight in a village near Jerusalem won IL131,517. We started him on his potty and I started reading out the games.

"Jerusalem Hapoel vs. Hapoel Eilat, what's nicer?" "Eli..."



"Sdom Maccabi vs. Haifa Betar?"

"Go," the wife said "make a bundle at the pools."

This sounds easy enough. But it should be pointed out that personally we are not much of an expert at football. In view of these circumstances, we appealed to Uri, who never misses a match, and requested his help in filling out our form.

"The new forward of Hadera Hapoel sprained his ankle last week against Haifa," he mused, "so I'd guess a draw against Maccabi Jaffa. On the other hand, Beersheba Hapoel has a good chance of beating Jerusalem Betar, because they are better on a muddy field..."

And so on. We wrote it all down, speckled by Uri's knowledge handed in our form and waited impatiently for Saturday. Then we found that we had a single correct guess, and even that was a writing error of mine. In other words we had wasted 30 good agoras on that idiot. An Eilat housewife had scored 12 correct guesses.

"You are really silly," people informed us. "Every babe-in-arms knows that the experts never win at the pools..."

Size method

"We learned that there are a few proven methods for guessing, such as the size test, according to which the largest city always wins, that is Tel Aviv beats Haifa, Haifa Ne-tanya, Netanya Caesarea and Caesarea Givat Brenner. Then there is a home-ground method, according to which it is a team playing at home which always wins. The Betar method is not bad either. According to it, Betar teams always lose. But best of all is not to understand a damn thing about soccer. Why hide a parson or two who have never even heard of the game (an old crone, a three-year old kid, an Israeli politician), and fill out the forms only according to their advice. I felt like bashing my head against the wall. What a lovely ignoramus I had been only a month ago! I hadn't known anything at all about football. I could easily have made 12 good guesses! But like a fool I studied the games in the sweat of my brow and now, days I can no longer keep an open mind while writing down the 1-2-X.

"So what are you waiting for?" the little one scolded me. "Let's look for some morons!" "We started looking for fresh talent all over the neighborhood, but found by now all had sponsors. In their feverish search for football innocents, the wily old foxes had even hired an old Beduin woman in the Sinai desert. The trouble is that the tyro guesses correctly once or twice, as long as he is completely untried. Then he too starts taking an interest in who won and who lost, and quickly forfeits his ability."

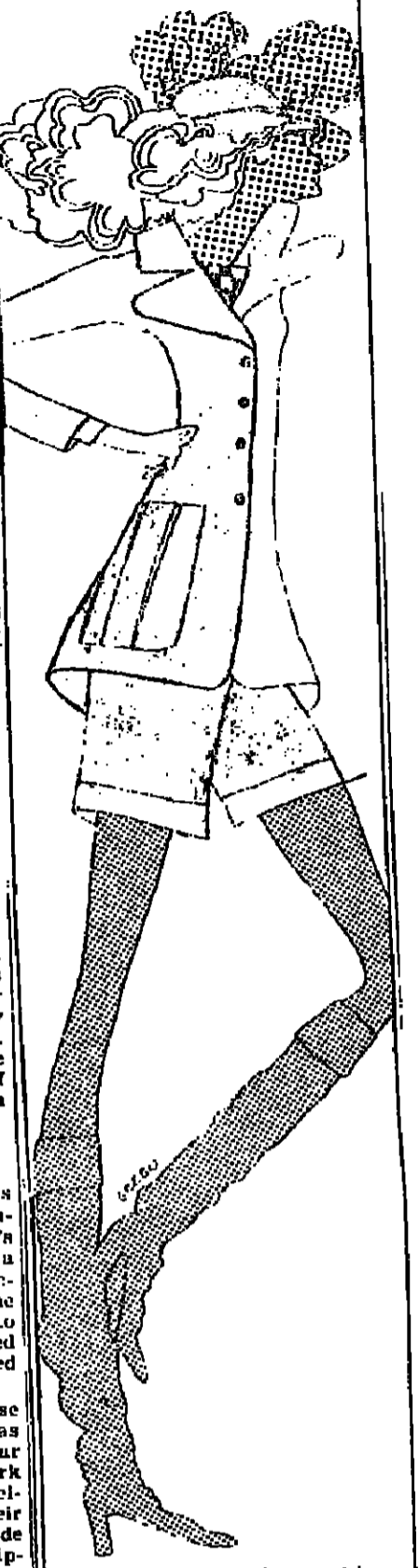
"Daddy, Shimon are champs, aren't they?" In other words, he knew the ropes. They had spoiled him in kindergarten, I am sure. He made just three correct guesses. The little one's glance swept across the fence into the neighbour's yard. There was Jimmy, their out-sized watchdog scratching his belly. The method I worked out was simplicity itself: Jimmy lapped up the soup we had brewed him as bait, and I queried him about the week's games. If he raised his head it was "1." If he smacked his lips it was "2." No reaction, "X"...

Only one miss

"We won IL524. Jimmy guessed all scores with computer-like precision (except for the Tiberias game, which he botched up for some reason or other) and he would surely have enriched us had not others as well been exceptionally lucky that week. In any case, we saw in Jimmy a unique opportunity for obtaining economic independence. My wife cooked him special soups, we even bought him choice tidbits. And then what? Jimmy was stretched out in a trance next to the brimming plate, while I was registering his guesses, when I suddenly felt a shiver running down my spine. "Woman," I whispered, "look..."

Yes, there was no doubt about it. Evertime I said "Hapoel" the dog picked up his ears and wrinkled his nose. He was beginning to get the hang of things. Everything was lost. Finished. We did not even submit the form. As of now we are going back to the lottery.

Translated by Yohanan Goldmans
By arrangement with Ma'ariv



THE KOLLEKS AND THE CUB

Mrs. Teddy Kullek, wife of Jerusalem's mayor, and her 12-year-old daughter Osnat (at left) visited Lion Country Safari...



The hippies return to Amsterdam

By Henriette Boas

ACCORDING to the calendar, although not according to the Dutch weather, spring has arrived in Holland. And during Easter...

Amsterdam itself—both its citizens and the Municipality—are very seriously worried about this new torrent of hippies...



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Helena Helberon

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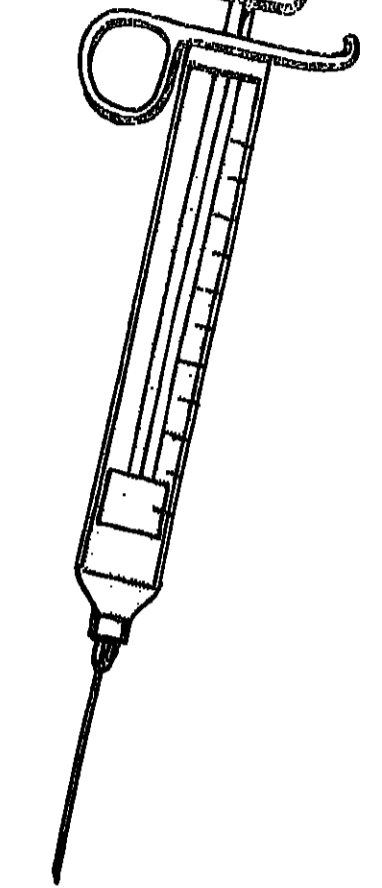
10 - noon 8 - midnight 15 Simtat Mazal Dagim Old Jaffo/Tel Aviv

Beged Or

By Rochelle Furstenberg

SPECIAL TO THE JERUSALEM POST THE spectre of narcotics addiction throws long shadows on the American scene...

meaning, that's the best way of keeping clean," a large impressive black man named Chuck Hall declared...



It is estimated that there are 150,000 addicts of opium and its offspring, heroin, morphine and cocaine...

Wasted energy

"I came to the Methadone programme," one lively black man explained, "because I had a desire to learn and all my energies were being spent on shooting dope..."

Staying clean

They were participating in this self-supporting therapy programme for dope addicts, one of the many programmes that have mushroomed in the U.S. to help the addict shake his addiction and "stay clean."

But building an alternative lifestyle for an addict is a difficult job. Just one chance meeting with an old friend on the street and he could slip back into the old habit...

The Berkeley Methadone Centre does some of this. With its clubhouse atmosphere, its encounter-type groups, it gives the 110 people on the programme a feeling of friendship and community...

Lifestyles

Many of the lifestyles are professional - doctors, lawyers, architects. They work for Synanon, running its medical facilities, its businesses, designing its houses...

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THE SWEET SUCCESS OF SMELL

Judith Muller, creator of Bat-Sheba and Shalom perfumes, and who is about to launch an after-shave lotion, talks about creating and selling.

By Catherine Rosenheimer

BEHIND the growing Bat-Sheba perfume industry is a chic, well-ground, brown-eyed blonde, who possesses an unusual combination of creativity and commercial practicality. She divides her busy schedule between the demands of a beauty institute in Haifa and the production of a range of three perfumes and an after-shave lotion, from the manufacture of the scents themselves and the design of their bottles and packaging.

Judith Muller decided what she wanted to do at a very early age: she describes her earliest beauty training as "growing up surrounded by the traditions of a beauty-minded Hungarian family. At the age of six I remember my grandmother teaching me how to shade my eyebrows with a burnt-out match-stick. My mother, a ballet teacher, brought me up with the disciplines of mind and body." While still at high school, Judith started beauty-treatment studies at the institute of a leading Hungarian physician in Debrecen, "and by the time I arrived in Israel, still a teen-ager, I had very definite ideas about what I wanted to do."

Perfumery, she has always felt, is the most exciting part of the cosmetics field. By the time she had finished her army service and gone to complete her studies in Paris, London, Zurich and Vienna, the idea of trying to revive the ancient biblical traditions of scents and perfumes was in the forefront of her mind. Between a picturesque dream and the reality of its execution, of course, came the acquiring of a great deal of specialized, even scientific, knowledge; endless experiments, trials and tests.

"When it came to practicalities, I found that although Israel might have a unique, ancient tradition of perfumery, there was no tradition whatsoever of bottling and packaging." Presentation was all-important, she felt, and she decided to copy the form of an ancient glass bottle. The first 20,000 bottles were made in a small workshop, each individually hand-painted, with ancient coins from the Israel Museum providing the inspiration for the bottle caps and the packaging design. Today the bottles are mass-produced by Phoenix, but each one is still hand-painted.

Rising exports

The first bottles of Bat-Sheba perfume were produced in 1965, and by the following year exports reached \$5,000. Today, perfume exports total \$250,000 a year, and the plant has an annual turnover of \$1.5m. Judith Muller describes the original Bat-Sheba scent as "exotic, heavy, deeply feminine, definitely sexy in mood." She later added a second type, called "woody modern" — this one fresher, younger, more vibrant.

"Although I had my own ideas about the perfume and its packaging, when it came to production and marketing, the reality was far harder to achieve. It took at least five years for the line to become profitable at all, but fortunately I have a very determined character. Despite all the initial problems, I think the first stages were the most exciting. Each time I encountered a small success, a little encouragement, it spurred me on to overcome the failures."

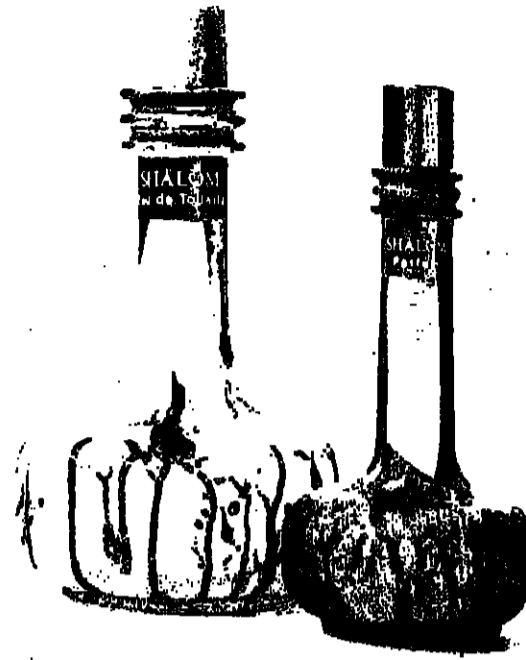
Judith Muller is the first to admit that although the perfume market is a large international perfume



Some of Mrs. Muller's designs in pure-silk scarves.



Judith Muller



The Shalom perfume bottles.

concerns all have their own established contribution networks through exclusive agents, making it especially hard for an outsider to break in at all.

"The main selling points are the quality and the image: attractive presentation is important, but if the other two aren't up to standard, you will have once-only sales with out any follow-up."

What about customer psychology when it comes to perfume buying? "To some extent perfume is a question of fashion — but customers tend to remain faithful for a much longer period. Choice of scent is more a question of one's way of life than of fashion; aromas are nostalgic, tied up with certain associations. I don't believe you can gauge the market for a certain perfume by any sort of statistics: it's a matter of personal taste, rather like different people liking different colours. Of course the male influence is important; most perfume is bought for women by men. If a woman buys some herself, she generally chooses cologne."

Nostalgia angle

"Incidentally, the nostalgia angle brought us a very sizeable order from a big U.S. customer — some time ago — he said that the Bat-Sheba aroma reminded him of his mother and his youth! — Mind you, if it hadn't been a good commercial proposition for him, his nostalgia wouldn't have persuaded him to give us that large follow up order!"

Having gained a great deal of experience in both production and the export market during the ups and downs of the first five years, Judith Muller set down to think about expanding her line. Last September she brought out a new scent — Shalom. Its presentation is in keeping with the now established image; the bottle is a fresher, lighter, younger one which she describes as a mixture of ancient and modern.

Very shortly, a male counterpart to Bat-Sheba is to be launched, an after-shave lotion called — of course — King David. And catering for all the family, Judith Muller has devised 17-Plus, a very light, young *eau de toilette*, packed in a jazzy red and orange box; in a modern, clear-glass bottle designed to appeal to the teen-ager.

And that's not all — a beautiful range of pure silk scarves, silk-screened with swirly abstract and geometric patterns in brilliant colors like emerald and turquoise have a very determined character. It is to be put on the market. Judith Muller is now dreaming about developing a full range of cosmetics on sale only to customers at her beauty institute — and, if the Bat-Sheba story repeats itself, there may be a reason why this dream should not also become reality.

2,000 PRIZES

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Osem Quick Jelly gives double pleasure to the whole family, and a surprise to the children. During eight weeks, once every two weeks, on Thursday, colourful beach balls and water wings will be raffled.

To participate in the raffle take three upper covers of Osem Quick Jelly, complete the slogan: It's good, it's on the other side of the cover, and send them, with your name and address, to Osem, Tel Aviv, Closed Bag Service.

The more envelopes you send, each with three covers, the greater your chances are. The prizes will be sent by mail to the winners, and a list of prize winners will be on display at all Osem branches.

NEW! TRIPLE PROTECTION! Outer cellophane, covering package and inner bag. THE FIRST RAFFLE WILL TAKE PLACE IN TWO WEEKS TIME.

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IS WORK SPOILING THE SOVIET WOMAN?



Soviet women laboratory workers conduct tests at the Belaz auto works.



A draughtswoman at work in a Moscow design institute.

MOSCOW (UPI). — Soviet women into production, negative consequences have accompanied the positive ones: worsened physical and psychological conditions, lowered general tone of conjugal and family life, restriction of social and cultural activities. Society bears great economic and social losses since women can manifest themselves neither completely in production nor in their family roles.

No less are burned over whether Mrs. or Mrs. before a Soviet woman's name alters her place in society. Men and men have been officially equal since the Bolshevik revolution 64 years ago. Equal, perhaps, but not liberated. Soviet sociologists question whether women doing a man's job eight hours a day, and then going home to battle shopping queues, keep house and raise families, aren't courting psychological illness and encouraging a declining national birthrate.

Although the Soviet woman is more liberated than her Western sisters in the rubles and kopecks department, the Soviet man remains czar of the house. The corridors of executive power are still an almost exclusively male preserve. Soviet women drive tractors, shovel snow, heft garbage cans, perform heart-surgery, pilot commercial jetliners.

Officially, equality and a devastating toll of male life during World War Two gave Soviet women working parity unrivaled in the West. The Soviet Constitution assures women and men equal pay for the same job.

Almost 48 million Soviet women work — half the nation's labour force. Women outnumber men by 16 million in a population of 246 million.

Official figures say Soviet women make up 72 per cent of the doctors, 68 per cent of the teachers, 58 per cent of the diploma-holding specialists, 39 per cent of the scientific workers, 35 per cent of the lawyers and 32 per cent of the judges.

Leadership jobs

"Although they make up one-half of the industrial labour force contingent, women are employed as supervisors, shop chiefs and in comparable leadership positions one-sixth to one-seventh as frequently as men," the newspaper "Komsomolskaya Pravda" said.

Women members constitute 51 per cent of the rubber-stamp Supreme Soviet (Parliament) but there is only one woman among 95 men on the powerful Council of Ministers and none on the ruling Communist Party Politburo.

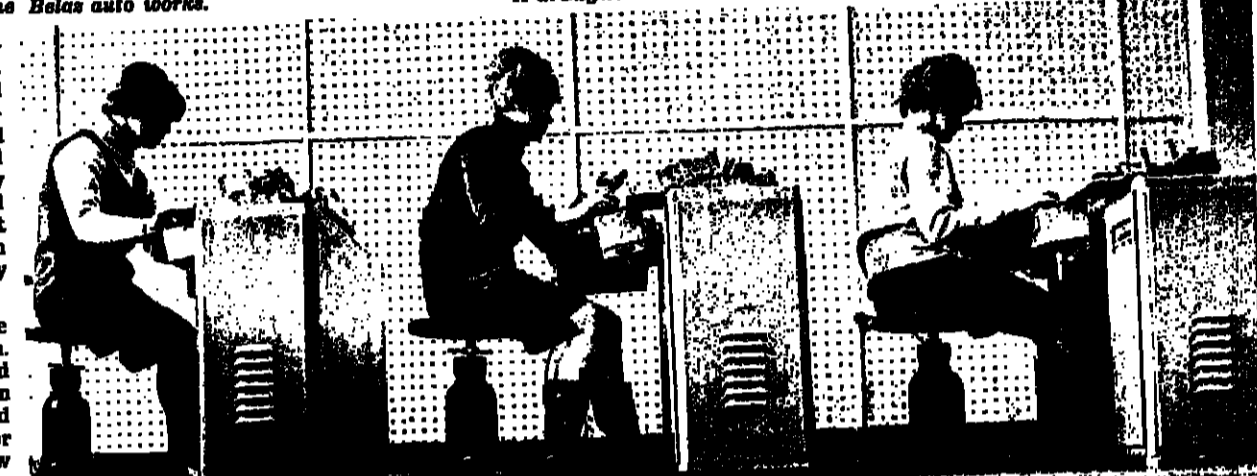
Although three of every four doctors is a woman, men make up 60 per cent of all chief physicians and executives of medical institutions.

No woman has held a top executive post in the Soviet Academy of Sciences.

Soviet sociologists say most Soviet women work as a matter of material need rather than because they want a career. They suggest the "double burden" of work and housework helps keep down the Soviet birth rate, which fell from 34.9 per thousand in 1960 to 17 per thousand in 1970.

A 1969 survey of Leningrad working women by sociologists A. G. Kharuchev and E. G. Golod concluded:

"As a result of women's entry



Russian secretaries sit on backless stools, but work with the latest office equipment.

(Camera Press photos)

The most preferred product 1972

A local success for an international winner

When it comes to toiletries for men, more and more labels are joining the International Set by changing to the fragrant new world of "Tabac Original". In fact "Tabac Original" was recently awarded "The Most Preferred Product" prize for 1972. Small wonder with products like "Tabac Original" after shave, shaving foam, eau de cologne, luxury soap, deodorants, hair lotion. Just a few reasons for moving up to an exciting new world of masculine fragrance. The world of "Tabac Original".

BLOODSHOT BLUES



AFTER peering anxiously into one of my own eyes with the aid of a magnifying mirror and after my daughter and the veterinary surgeon next door have failed to find the source of irritation—and I reckon that if he can find a mote in a cow's eye he should be able to spot one in mine—it is clear that it is something other than the bloodshot look and sinister leer of an eighteenth century harridan.

This supposition is eventually confirmed by the doctor to whom I go, naturally, as a last resort, having canvassed the viewpoints of all the neighbours whose opinions range from eyestrain to an incipient squint caused by not enough sleep, too much sleep, draughts, lack of fresh air, not enough salt in the diet or too much, reading in a poor light, reading in too bright a light, the use, and non-use of sunglasses and a psychosomatic reluctance to do any mending.

Remedies, freely offered, include hot and cold compresses, distilled water, lukewarm tea (externally applied), olive oil, and some anti-biotic drops left over from the last illness of one of our younger acquaintances. I point out dubiously that these are prescribed for ears, but his mother says firmly that they are all the same and she used them with great success on the second child who had some trouble not unlike mine. It was a pity to waste it, she says, as it was already in the house and as it cured him I may as well finish up the drops and see if it will be similarly beneficial to me.

Off-target

There is a problem I find, coming home with the recommended medicine, in dropping the liquid into my own eyes—and my attempts to put the drops in encounter all sorts of unexpected difficulties. Oddly enough, though I know perfectly well where my eyes are, I tend to miss the target altogether and bathe either my hairline or my nose. The squeeze too, is not easy to regulate. A gentle pressure produces nothing, while a too vigorous one brings forth a sticky stream. Holding the glass above my head with one hand while manipulating the plastic bottle with the other means I automatically close my eyes at the crucial moment and the drops roll into my ears. If I hold my eyelids open without looking there is a great danger of holding myself in the eye and causing complications which will require more elaborate treatment. Finally, by lying on the floor, with the looking glass suspended rather precariously between two chairs, I would have been able to co-ordinate all requirements at once if not for the sudden entry of a neighbour who, in search of two eggs, disturbs the delicate balance of my arrangements and brings the mirror crashing down onto my head.

Not ungraciously she inquires what I am doing and then kindly offers me a hand. The responsibility obviously weighs heavily on her and she breathes gustily over me and adjures me not to cry or be afraid. She has a vast experience in this field, as many of her closest friends and relatives suffered in this way, but if, as she relates, all these cases

ended in disaster, her assistance could not have been of much value. Of the two of us, it appears she is the more frightened and as I open my mouth to tell her so, she directs the nozzle of the dropper right into it, a situation entirely of my own making, she indicates, as if I hadn't made such strange faces her hand would not have trembled and

if I had kept my mouth closed it would not now be full of this nauseating liquid. I mention mildly that this stuff is labelled "poisonous" and not intended to be taken internally, but she tells me not to worry. Even if it were for real I should have to drink vast quantities before it had any adverse effect, but she amends cheerfully, we shall

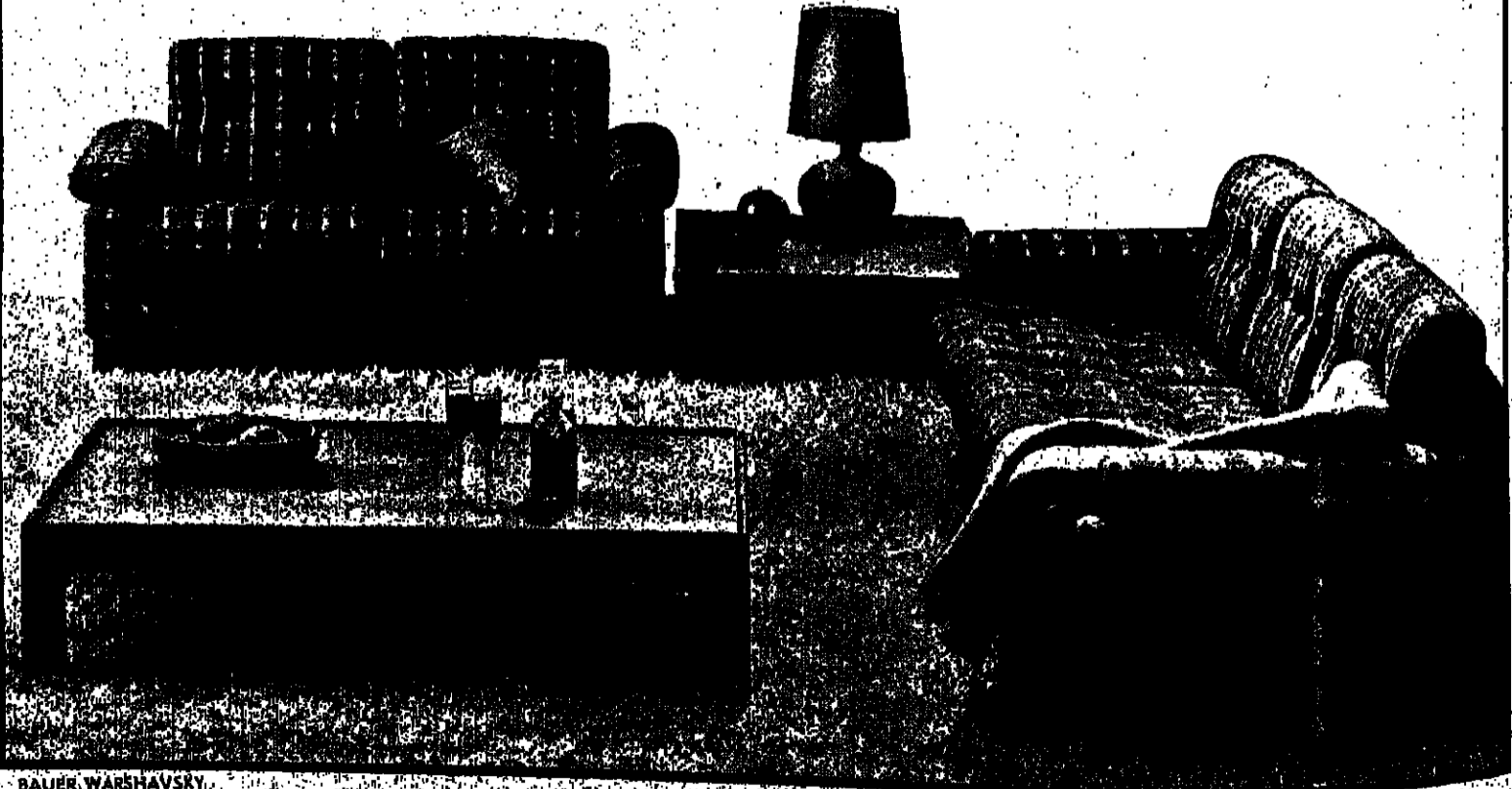
have to wait and see. Other people are very obliging too. A nursing friend who pops in for a cup of tea holds my head as in a vice. The dentist over the way has a firm no-nonsense approach and the teacher near her only a light tremor which sends a trickle down to my chin. Best of all is my daughter who not only

sees this as a privilege but brings in a couple of pals to see how the tables are turned. I compliment her on her admirable coolness and she says it's easy doing it for me as I am so co-operative in keeping still and steady. I compare very, very favourably, she is kind enough to tell me, with the last patient she attended, our dog

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Completely furnish your living room with 2 comfortable couches which convert to full length beds; wall system, including book-shelves, display and storage cases, and table.
Also suitable for luxury teenage bedroom. Completely room (fax free \$ 350) IL. 3,883
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Comfortable modular units plushly covered in a wide range of colours. Additional covers available.
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danish interiors



BAUER WARSHAVSKY, THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE - FAMILY PAGE, FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1972

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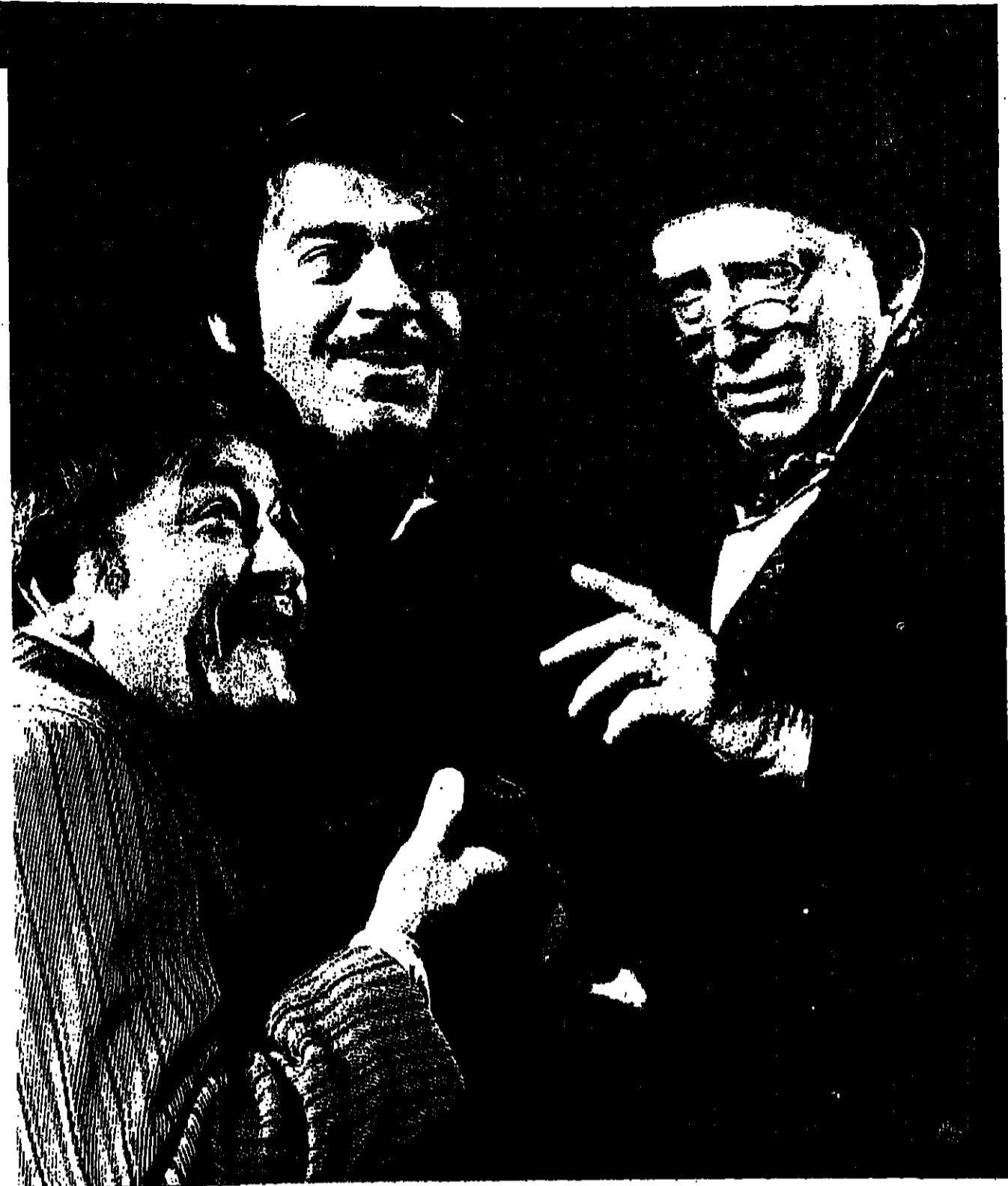
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Theatre • Mendel Kohansky

Death of a lovely play



STEMPENU by Shalom Aleichem, translated by Ya'acov Shabtai, at Habimah.

I CAME out sad from the Habimah premiere of "Stempenu," mourning not the heroine lying dead at the bottom of the cold, cold river (I could hardly have been less interested in her or her fate) but the death of a beautiful play. Shmuel Bunim's production is evidently aimed at a generation which believes that Shalom Aleichem is the fellow who wrote "Fiddler on the Roof," which, however much it vulgarizes the original, is at least a fine piece of stagecraft in its own right. What Bunim has given us here is a cheap, moribund version of a beautiful, bitter-sweet melodrama, a misguided, poor man's "Fiddler," without the dances, the tunes, the cleverly contrived scenes which have made the musical so universally popular on stage and screen.

The Stempenu of the title is a handsome, dashing rascal, a klezmer who makes the girls swoon when he plays the fiddle at weddings, and awakens longings for a life different from that of his listeners in the stifling, crippling atmosphere of the ghetto. Shalom Aleichem's loving hand here drew a fascinating gallery of characters, paupers, rich men, vagabonds, bitchy wives, lovely young girls, as a background for the star-crossed romance between Stempenu and the beautiful Rochelle, who is married to a dull Talmud student. In the Bunim production, the characters become paper dolls mincing across the stage in stylised poses, exhibiting less life than the figures in the Chagall paintings projected in the background. This patronising attitude towards the play and its

Shmulk Segal, Nisim Azikri and Rafael Klachkin in a scene from Habimah's production of "Stempenu," by Shalom Aleichem.

characters might be forgiven had it worked in stage terms, which it does not.

Bunim's "Stempenu" is rather like a puppet play, there is no real acting in the show. Nisim Azikri in the title role goes through the motions without creating a character; Levana Finkelstein as the girl he loves is grossly miscast and knows it; Raphael Klachkin as the *badchan* (jester) tries

unsuccessfully to be Klachkin; Shmulk Segal as another *klezmer* uses his customary little tricks which occasionally get a laugh; and so on down the line.

Arle Navon has equipped the stage with pieces of fences and furniture against the Chagall projections. Dov Seltzer's tunes played backstage occasionally relieve the tedium.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Very loud, Very foolish

BESACHKE Burstein, a stalwart of the American Yiddish theatre that was, celebrated his fifty years of stage appearances with a mammoth show presided over by his son Mike, and with the conspicuous participation of his wife Lillian. Born trouper, the three managed to turn the event, attended by a huge crowd in the Mann Auditorium, into an intimate family affair.

The first part of the evening consisted of a performance of the "Megillah," the show which made the Bursteins famous beyond the small circle of Yiddish theatre devotees. The *Megillah*—for those who were not here seven years ago—was a show based on the ballads of the Yiddish poet Itzik Manger on subjects from the Book of Esther, adapted for the stage by director Shmuel Bunim with the generous help of Composer Dov Seltzer, to become a delightful, tongue-

in-cheek Purimspiel. The "Megillah" attracted viewers who had never before thought of seeing a Yiddish show, and it became a fabulous success. The abbreviated version performed at the Jubilee, with the original cast consisting of the three Bursteins plus Zina Gold, Perle Magor and Ariel Furman, proved that the show is still fresh. I understand that plans are afoot to revive it on a regular basis. This is good news.

The second part of the evening consisted of appearances by guest performers (Yaffa Yarkoni, Noama Lipnitz, Shmulk Segal, Raphael Klachkin and to an appearance by the hero of the jubilee himself, alone and with members of his family. A past master of frank, unabashed corn, Mr. Burstein sang, whistled, hoofed with all the skill acquired over half a century on the stage and with zest and energy befitting those years. *Ein junder und swanig* (TH 120).

THE BELLYBUTTON by Hatouli, directed by Yossi Banai, presented by A. Deshe.

The Bellybutton (Hakurkuvan) is a very fast-moving, very loud, very foolish comedy written by someone hiding behind the name Hatouli, directed by Yossi Banai, who bravely allows his name to appear on the posters. The show is built around the personality of Uri Zohar, a comedian who believes that his very presence on the stage gives the audience their money's worth.

His conceit evidently pays off for the show has been running for months, and the hall was full on the evening I finally made up my mind to go and see it.

I shall not attempt to report here on what I saw on the stage, because it really doesn't matter, and also because I left as soon as the first part was over.

Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, April 15, at 7.00 p.m. & 9.30 p.m. Weekdays at 7.00 p.m. - at 7.00 p.m. & 9.00 p.m. See times of performance of individual cinemas for performance of individual cinemas.

ALLENBY Tel. 57020 5th week ALAN ARNOLD BOB WIDEBERG JOE HALL



DEN YEHUDA Tel. 221409 7th week HOSSANA KOSKINA HENRIETTA BLISS

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ORLY Tel. 226226 7th week JEAN-LOUIS TRINITY SANS MOBILE APPARENT

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RAMAT AVIV Tel. 412761 4-9 WHERE EAGLES DARE

SHDEROTH Tel. 624054 8th week X, Y and ZEE

STUDIO Tel. 55817 8th week THE DECAMERON

TOLELET Tel. 448950 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

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Haifa Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, April 15, at 7.00 p.m. & 9.00 p.m. Daily at 6.00 and 9.00 p.m.

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ATZMON Tel. 608005 1st week THE HOUSE UNDER THE TREES

ONLY Tel. 81868 1st week THE LOVE MACHINE

PEER Tel. 602232 2nd week MONTY WALSH

ORON Tel. 222014 4th week THE THRILLER OF THE YEAR

ATZMON Tel. 608005 1st week THE HOUSE UNDER THE TREES

ONLY Tel. 81868 1st week THE LOVE MACHINE

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Night Clubs YAFFA YALIKONI - At the Cave, Old Haifa

Music JERUSALEM - All events start at 8.30 p.m. unless stated otherwise

Kiryat Shmoneh ISRAELI CHAMBER ENSEMBLE

Opera THE ISRAELI NATIONAL OPERA PRESENTS: Verdi's "Aida"

Dance INHAL - JERUSALEM (Khan) Wed.

At the Cinema JERUSALEM - THE FRENCH CONNECTION

Tel Aviv SWEDISH-FINNISH MUSIC - The New Israel Quartet

RAMAT GAN THE MCKENZIE BREAK

RAMAT GAN THE FIDDLER ON THE ROOF

RAMAT GAN THE HOUSE UNDER THE TREES

RAMAT GAN THE LOVE MACHINE

RAMAT GAN MONTY WALSH

RAMAT GAN THE THRILLER OF THE YEAR

RAMAT GAN THE HOUSE UNDER THE TREES

RAMAT GAN THE LOVE MACHINE

RAMAT GAN MONTY WALSH

RAMAT GAN THE THRILLER OF THE YEAR

RAMAT GAN THE HOUSE UNDER THE TREES



Above: Julie Christie and Dominic Guard in Joseph Losey's 'The Go-Between'

Below: Swedish actor Thommy Berggren as Joe Hill in Bo Widerberg's 'The Emigrants'



Below: Swedish actor Thommy Berggren as Joe Hill in Bo Widerberg's 'The Emigrants'

known 'Mondo Cane'. Both photography (Antonio Cimatti) and reporting are very good.

HOMO EROTICUS - All subtleties are overlooked in this crudely direct Italian sex comedy

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA - Based on Robert K. Massie's best-seller of the same name

AFRICA ADDIO - Documentary which takes viewer on a tour throughout Africa

Forum & Talks JERUSALEM THEATRE - Guided tour of new Jerusalem Theatre building

Haifa WAR AND PEACE - Sergei Bondaruk's monumental film which takes seven hours in entirety

RAMAT GAN THE FIDDLER ON THE ROOF

RAMAT GAN THE HOUSE UNDER THE TREES